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*Shakespear, Rowe, Johnson, now are quite undone
These are thy Tryumphs, thy Exploits O Lum!*



Printed by T. & J. Smith.

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HARLEQUIN-HORACE:

OR, THE

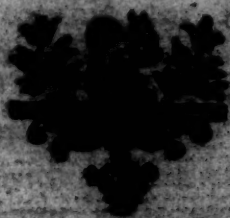
A R T

O F

Modern Poetry :

Tempora mutantur nos & mutamur in illis.

THE THIRD EDITION, Corrected.
With several Additional Lines and Explanatory Notes.



L O N D O N :

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P R E F A C E

To the Courteous and Ingenious

J - - N R - - H, Esq;

WE doubt not but great will be your *Worship's* Astonishment, to find your Name prefix'd to this our *Prefatory Address*, seeing true it is, that we neither previously crav'd your Consent thereunto, nor could presume to do it by Virtue of any Personal Acquaintance with you, forasmuch as our remembrance chargeth us not with having seen you at any time, save in the Guise of a *Hobby-Horse*, *Bull*, *Spaniel*, or some other such like *Animal*, in which you generally chuse to communicate your self to the Publick. You prudently look
But

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But what name could we possibly have fix'd on so worthy as his who is the great Patron of the Art we here treat on? All the delectable Representations you have entertain'd us with, have been put together in absolute Conformity to the Rules we have laid own; yea verily, from *those* are the Rules themselves extracted, in like manner as *Aristotle* compil'd his *Art of Antient Poetry* from the Writings of that, then renown'd, Ballad-maker *Homer*. 'Twas you Sir, (to your everlasting Honour be it recorded) that first introduc'd among us the present delicate and amazing Taste in our Diversions; and 'tis to your lawdable Zeal and unparallel'd *Agility* that it owes its Success. Indefatigable in *Well-doing*, you courageously persevere to surmount all Opposition, and risk your very *Neck* for its Encouragement and Support.

We might here aptly take occasion, Sir, to talk to you about your Forefathers, not weeping but you have had as many as any Peer in the Realm, and those too peradventure of as notable Memory; but you scorn to build your Fame on any *Bottom* save your own, and justly resolve to *Stand* on your own *Legs* for Reputation. You are happy, Sir, in your Self, and from your Self. You are bless'd with ev'ry natural Qualification which is requisite to one in your Profession, and have, to a great Perfection, acquir'd the Art of leading People by the Nose. You have Wit enough to make your Advantage of the Follies of others, and Chymistry enough to extract Gold out of every thing but common Sense, and that both as *Wit*, and *Chymist*, you have nothing to do with; neither in verity should you; for one in your Way can no more expect to thrive by common Sense, than a *Westminster* Justice by common Honesty. You prudently look on Mankind to be one half Knaves, and t'other Fools, and

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and conclude justly, that to entertain both Sorts, there must be a joint-mixture of Trick and Buffoonry, every one delighting in the Representation of what is most natural to him, or in which he labours to excel. Thus an *upright Citizen* is wonderfully diverted to see the Devil over-reach Dr. *Faustus* in a Bargain: a *Reverend Limb* of the Law, at seeing *Harlequin* turn'd *Judge* take Bribes of both Sides, without doing Justice to either: Whilst those Shoals of *Templers*, *Beaux*, and *Laywers Glerks*, the *Toupee Worthies* of *Tom's*, *Dick's*, and *White's*, that compose the other Part of your Audience, receive inexpressible Satisfaction and Transport, at beholding your Worship transform'd into an *Ass* or an *Old Woman*, and your Tables and Chairs, into Wheel-barrows, and Coblers Stalls.

Then as to the Fair Sex, Sir, you are not unknowing in what tends to their Recreation. You deem, we conjecture, one Moiety of 'em to be very civil Gentlewomen, and no better than they *Should be*; The other to be ill-natur'd Prudes, because they are forc'd to be better than they *Would be*, and consequently that to hit the Tastes of the Whole, there must be an equal Quantity of Obscenity, and Scandal.

Nay, unspeakable is the Service you have done the Publick in this respect; for whereas, to the foul Discouragement of Wit and Humour among us, our Women were in past Days so squeamishly delicate, that a pleasant Hint, or waggish Jest would have frighten'd 'em out of a Room; they are now (thanks to your Instructions, Sir) as impenetrable Proof against any thing that tends to put them out of Countenance, and altogether as incapable of the Weakness of a Blush, as *Heydigger*, or even *Henly*, himself.

They can, with manifest Ease, and Tranquility, sit out the most lascivious Epilogue, or Farce; and not shew

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the least Discomposure, or Emotion, when the most *significant* Gestures are represented in a Dance — *Astonishing Philosophy!* What sufficient Retaliation can we Fathers and Husbands make that worthy Person, who has been the happy Instrument of so powerfully correcting the vicious Inclinations of our Wives and Daughters, that they are not to be *moved* by any thing that can be said to them. This indeed is the great Design, the ultimate End of all Dramatick Writings, so to mould and temper the Passions, as to purge and refine 'em, by the very means they are excited: And the Atchievement of this glorious Work, is your lawdable Aim in all your Performances. You profoundly judge, that one Poison is best expel'd by another; that Incontinency is most effectually cur'd by more Incontinency, like heaping on Fewel to put out the Fire; and that the Representation of Lewdness, is the most powerful Restraint from the Practice of it; agreeable to the Maxim of those wise Heathens who made their Slaves *drunk*, to shew their Sons the Deformity of the Vice,

In fine, Sir, it may be very emphatically affirm'd of you, that you *know the World*. You have a commensurate Idea of the Length, Depth, and Breadth of all the *Choice Spirits* and *Fine Genius's* of the Age. You are convinc'd by happy Experience, that the Pleasures and Diversions which the present Race of Mortals are most fond of, are such as do the most effectually impose both on their Senses and Understandings; and that the utmost satisfaction they receive, is from being visibly play'd the Fool with. That their Judgments have got the *Palsy*, and their Imaginations the *St. Vitus's Dance*. The first, benumb'd, insensible, and unactive; the last, convuls'd, ridiculous, and unnatural; and, like a true *Quack*, you continue to apply *Anodynes* to those, and *Volatiles* to these.

You are a thorough Master, Sir, of the great and Lucrative

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crative Art of *Delusion*, and every thing is taken for *Sterling* that but goes through your Hands. You can make Profaness pass for Wit, and Obscenity for polite Conversation; Scolding for Rallery, and Hectoring for Courage, a Fool's Coat for pure Humour, and a Tweak by the Nose, or a Box o'the Ear for keen Repartee. The present Sett of Criticks who preside in the Theatres, and call themselves the Town, are Gentlemen, you well know, of such curious Constitutions, as can by no Means undergo the Drudgery of Thinking; To their Taste therefore do you prudently project to reduce your Productions. To apply to their Judgement you cannot, for you are convinc'd they have none; and to accost their Senses in a natural Way, would be likewise Impolitick, for those being a Sort of Inlets, or *Sink-holes* to the Understanding, (which in these Gentlemen I look on to be a kind of *Common Sewer*) it would be only disturbing the *Puddle*, to bespatter your self. Well-judg'd therefore is it of you, Sir, to endeavour to engage 'em by such Diversions, as were never before seen, heard, or conceiv'd; and never can be judg'd of or understood. In which Attempt you have so wonderfully and meritoriously succeeded, that whilst the *Sublime* of a *Shakespeare*, the *Tenderness* of an *Otway*, and the *Humour* of a *Vanbrugh*, are represented to empty Benches; you can by the single wave of a *Harlequin's Wand*, conjure the whole Town every Night into your *Circle*; where, like a true *Cunning Man*, you amuse 'em with a few *Puppy's Tricks* while you juggle 'em of their Pelf, and then cry out with a Note of Triumph,

Si Mundus vult Decipi,, Decipiatur.

And now, Sir, having given you a full and true Account of your self, we come next to say something of

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of our selves, with a Word upon our Performance
As to the following Piece, it is a System of the Law
of *Modern Poetry* establish'd amongst us by the Authority
of the most *Successful* Writers of the present Age
by which it appears that the *Rules* now follow'd, are in all
Respects exactly the *Reverse* of those which were observ'd
by the Authors of *Antiquity*, and which were set forth
of old by *Horace* in his *Epistle de Arte Poetica*. In a
word, Sir, it is *Horace* turn'd *Harlequin*, with his Head
where his Heels should be; in which Posture we were
not but he will be well receiv'd by your Worship,
and in Consequence of that, by the whole Town.

— *Nec Phæbo gratior ulla est
Quam sibi quæ Vari prescripsit pagina Nomen.*

But here sue we for Pardon, in not having consider'd
that you are too much both of a *modern* fine Gentleman,
and Poet, to understand Quotations from such antiquated
Authors. Howbeit we are warranted hereunto by the
daily Practice of our Brethren, who never fail to inter-
lace, and trim their Prefaces with Scraps from Au-
thors at once so very foreign and enigmatical, that nei-
ther their Patrons or themselves are travel'd enough to
unriddle them.

And now for the *Criticks*, * those malevolent *Mungrils*,
whose Barking we despise; Those Blund'ring *Oxen*,
who tread down the good Corn, only to come at the
Weeds; Those *Black Birds*, who will be always pick-

* This Treatment of the *Criticks* is correspondent with the Practice of
our *Modern Writers*, who never fail to fall foul on them at the very Thresh-
old of their Works, providently purposing, to obviate thereby, any undue
Influence which their future Cavils and Animadversions might have on the
candid Reader.

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ing Holes in the fairest Fruit; Those *Ruffians*, with dark Lanthorns, which contain just Light enough to shew 'em the Way to murder other People; those *Rats*, which tear Books to Pieces, only to come at the Paste they are glew'd with; Those *Owls*, *Batts*, *Vultures*, *Drones*, *Bears*, *Tigers*, *Crocodiles*, *Dragons*, we dread, abominate, neglect, and contemn; being thoroughly satisfy'd with our selves, and this our Performance; well knowing that what we have done, will be of infinite Service to Mankind in general, and greatly tend to the Advantage of our own dear *Countrymen*, and *Brethren*; The comfortable Reflection upon which, and the Approbation we shall unquestionably receive from the Town (and for which we lay hold of this Opportunity to return them our humble and hearty Thanks) will support us under all the Opposition we may meet with from the above-mention'd *Hottentots*; and will encourage us to go on to the utmost of our Power, and publish something more as speedily as possible.

One Word more Sir, and we bid you adieu; we had once purpos'd to make the following Work more acceptable to the *Erudite*, by casting at the Foot of each Page, a Competency of Notes both Critical and Explanatory; but upon more mature Deliberation, we determin'd to leave this Part to the penetrating, nice-guessing, and laborious Dr. *Zoilus*; no way doubting but he will execute it with equal Astonishment and Satisfaction to the gentle Reader, as he has already done with regard to the * *original* Author.

In this Edition indeed (finding that the other great Critick has been too much engag'd in his immortal Labours on *Paradise Lost* to comply with our Request) we have thought meet to scatter here and there a few

* *Vide B—ley's Edition of Horace.*

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Animadversions by way of Illustration, which have been communicated to us by *Bavius*, *Mavius* and other of our *Grubæan* Elders.

And now, Sir, begging Pardon both of your self and the Publick, for taking up so much of your precious Time, which is always employ'd in their Service, we conclude with our sincere and disinterested wishes, that *Mercury* and *Venus* may take you into their Protection; and that you may never grow fat, or be laid by the Heels, but may ever Remain slender, slipper and free, both for the Recreation of this Metropolis, and your own private Emolument.

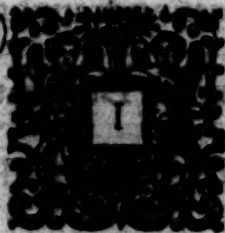




Harlequin-Horace :

OR, THE

ART of Modern POETRY.

(1)  F some great Artist in whose Works
conspire

The Grace of *Raphael*, and a *Ti-*
tian's Fire,

Should toil to draw the *Portrait* of a Fair
With *Shaftsb'ry's* Mien, and *Harvey's* pleasing Air;
A Shape that might with lovely *Queenb'rough's* vie, 5
The Smile of *Vanbrugh*, and a *Hertford's* Eye,

B Thy

(1) Humano capiti cervicem Pictor Equinam
Jungere si Velit, & varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum

VER. 4. With *Shaftsb'ry's* Mien.] Whatever may be objected to this
Performance in general, we trust the most invidious of our Gainsayers will
allow, that there are incomparable Beauties in the eight following Lines
of it.

Thy *Symmetry* sweet *Richmond*! if 'ere Art
 Could such sweet *Symmetry* as thine impart,
 Like *ORANGE* cloath'd with every awful Grace,
 And her *bright Soul* resplendent in the *Face*, 10
 Till the whole Piece should a fair *Venus* shine
 • One finish'd Form, in ev'ry *Part* divine.
 Tho' thus with all that's *justly* pleasing fraught,
 Our *modern Connoisseurs* would scorn the Draught.

(2) Such Treatment *Pope* you must expect to find, 15
 Whilst Art, and Nature in your Works are join'd.
 'Tis not to Think with Strength, and Write with Ease,
 No—'tis the *Ægri Somnia* now must please;
 Things

Definat in pulcem mulier formosa supernè;
 Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici?

(2) Credite, Pisones, isti Tabulæ fore Librum
 Persimilem, cujus velut *Ægri Somnia*, vanæ

VER. 18. *Ægri Somnia*.] *Anglice*, Sick Men's Dreams.

We have in this Edition given a Translation of these two Words, out of our special Grace and Favour towards the Grubstreet Brotherhood, that so important a Truth might not lie buried in a Language, to them most emphatically, Dead. What kind of Productions are here meant, may be seen by a Perusal of those surprising Entertainments which of late Years have so much engag'd the Notice of the Town, and which abound with more extravagant inconsistent Absurdities than ever enter'd a delirious Brain.

Things without Head, or Tail, or Form, or Grace,
 A wild, forc'd, glaring, unconnected Mass. 20
 Well! Bards (*you say*) like Painters, Licence claim,
 To dare do any thing for Bread, or — Fame.
 'Tis granted — therefore use your utmost Might,
 To gratify the Town in all you write;
 A Thousand jarring Things together yoke, 25
 The *Dog*, the *Dome*, the *Temple*, and the *Joke*,
 Consult no Order, but for ever steer
 From grave to gay, from florid to severe.

B 2

(3) To

Fingentur Species, ut nec pes nec caput uni.
 Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque Poetis
 Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas;
 Scimus, & hanc Veniam petimusque damusque vicissim:
 Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut
 Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.

VER. 26. The Dog, the Dome.] In the Farce of Perseus and Andromeda, a most obscene Dance was perform'd in a Temple, before a handsome Audience of Priests and Bishops, at the same Time the ingenious Mr. Rich deputed himself very naturally in the Shape of a Dog, till a Dome rising voluntarily from under the Stage, gave him Room for another transformation by standing on the Top of it in the Guise of a Mercury, to the high Admiration and Delight of a British Audience.

(3) To grand Beginnings full of Pomp and Show,
 Big Things profess, and Brags of what you'll do, 30
 Still some gay, glittering, foreign *Gewgaws* join,
 Which, like *gilt Points* on * *Pater's Coat*, may shine,
 Descriptions which may make your Readers stare,
 And marvel how such pretty Things came There.
 So old *Dinarchus* tossing on his Bed, 39
 In dreadful Visions that his Daughter bled,
 A Friend comes in, and with Reflection deep,
 Descants upon the *Sweetness* of his Sleep;
 When up the Sire starts trembling from his Dream,
 And straight presents you with a *purling Stream*, 40
 Describes

(3) Inceptis gravibus plerumque & magna professis
 Purpureus late qui splendeat unus & alter
 Alluitur Pannus, cum Lucus & ara Dianæ.
 Et properantis Aquæ per amænos ambitus agros,

VER. 38. So old *Dinarchus*.] This is an Example of the foregoing Rule
 drawn from an excellent Performance of one of our Brethren, *fil'd*, *Timo-*
leon, a Tragedy.

• Vide Tale of a Tub.

Describe the *Riv'ler* roving thro' the *Tickets*,
 The dancing *Sun-beams*, and refreshing *Breezes*,
 Thus ne'er regard Connection, Time, or Place,
 For sweet Variety has every Grace,
 Suppose you're skill'd in the *Parnassian Art*,
 To purge the Passions, and correct the Heart,
 To paint Mankind in ev'ry Light, and Stage,
 Their various Humours, Characters, and Age,
 To fix each Portion in its proper Place,
 And give the Whole one Method, Form, and Grace,
 What's that to us? who pay our Pence to see
 The great Productions of *Profundity*,
Shipwrecks, and *Monsters*, *Conjurers*, and *Gods*,
 Where every Part is with the whole at odds.

(4) With

Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus;
 Sed nunc non erat his locus:

— & fortasse Cupressum.

Scia simulare: quid hoc, si fractis enatat ex ipso
 Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cepit
 Insitui, currente rotâ cur urceus exit?
 Denique sit quodvis simplex duntaxat & unum.

(4) With Truth and Likelihood we all are griev'd, 55
 And take most Pleasure, when we're most deceiv'd,
 Now write obscure, and let your Words move slow,
 Then with full Light, and rapid Ardor glow;
 In one Scene make your *Hero* cant, and whine, 60
 Then roar out *Liberty* in every Line;
 Vary one Thing a thousand pleasant Ways,
 Shew *Whales* in *Woods*, and *Dragons* in the *Seas*.

(5) To shun a Fault's the ready Way to fall,
 Correctness is the greatest Fault of all.

(6) What

(4) Decipimur specie recti; brevis esse laboro,
 Obscurus fio: lectantem lævia nervi
 Deficiunt animum: professus grandia turget.
 Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam
 Delphinum Sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.

(5) In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.

VER. 59. In one Scene make your *Hero* cant.] This is in many Respects an incomparable Rule; for in the first place the frequent Exclamations of O Liberty! O Freedom! O my Country! cannot but draw repeated Applause from all true Patriots, especially those distinguish'd Ones who consult on the Good of the Nation in the Court of Requests. And secondly, the fair Spectators must necessarily receive infinite Satisfaction to behold the *Hero* who is one Moment talking so big, and slaying every one round him, the next prostrate at his Mistress's Feet and imploring her Mercy.

(6) What tho' in *Pope's* harmonious *Lays* combine, 65
 All that is lovely, noble, and divine;
 Tho' every part with Wit, and Nature glows,
 And from each Line a sweet Instruction flows;
 Tho' thro' the whole the *Loves*, and *Graces* smile,
 Polish the Manners, and adorn the Stile? 70
 Whil'st, *Vertue's* FRIEND, * *He turns the tuneful Art*
From Sounds to Things, from Fancy to the Heart,
 Yet slavishly to Truth and Sense tied down,
 He impotently toils to please the Town.
 Heav'n grant I never write like him I mention,
 Since to the *Bays* I could not make pretension, 76
 Nor *Thresher*-like, hope to obtain a *Pension*.

(7) Ne'er

(6) *Æmilium circa ludum faber imus & ungues*
Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ære capillos;
Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum
Nesciet; hunc ego me, si quid componere cutem,
Non magis esse velim, quam prave vivere naso —

V. R. 75. Heaven grant.] Our Author in the three following Lines, makes an Attempt to imitate the Stile of that renowned Barnum Stephen Duck; as in the ten preceding ones he had that of Mr. Pope.

* *Vide his Essay on Man.*

(7) N^ere wait for Subjects equal to your Might,
 For then, 'tis ten to one you never write;
 When Hunger prompts you, take the first you meet, 80
 For who'd stand chusing when he wants to eat?
 Besides, Necessity's the keenest Whet;
 He writes most natural, who's the most in Debt.

(8) Take then no pains a Method to Maintain,
 Or link your Work in a continu'd Chain, 85
 But cold, dull Order gloriously disdain.

Now here, now there, launch boldly from your
 Theme,

And make surprizing Novelties your Aim;

Bom-

- (7) Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam
 Viribus; & versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
 Quid valeant humeri: cui lecta potenter erit res,
 Nec facundia deseret hunt, nec lucidus ordo.
 (8) Ordinis hæc vertus erit, & Venus, aut ego fallor,
 Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici

VER. 80. When Hunger prompts you.] It has been objected to these Lines, that they contain an Insinuation, as if our Brethren liv'd by their Wits, which is said to be impossible. Besides we have many eminent Authors amongst us, who never knew what it was to be Hungry, and whose Poetry is more like the Overflowings of a full Stomack, than be keen Remonstrances of an empty one.

Bombast and Farce, the Sock and Buskin blendy 10

Begin with *Bluster*, and with *Loudness* end 90

(9) In coining Words your own discretion use 10

For coin you must to suit the *modern* Muse. 20

New Terms adapted to the Purpose bring, 30

When *Eagles* are to talk, or *Asses* sing. 40

No matter that from *Greece*, or *Rome* they come, 95

An *English* Poet scorns to go from *Home*. 100

Why should to modern *Tibbald* be denied? 105

What antient *Settle* would have own'd with *Pride*. 110

God bless our King and Country. Or

Pleraque differat, & presens in Tempus omittat.

- (9) In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis,
Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddideret junctura novum; si forte necesse est
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,
Fingere cincturis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget: dabiturque licet inauspice pandenter:
Et nova fistaque nuper habuimus verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadunt parca detrahit. Quid autem
Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum
Virgilio Varioque.

VER. 94. When *Eagles* are to talk, *Birds, Beasts, and Animals* of all kinds have of late been frequently introduc'd on the several *Stages* of this *Metropolis*, and perform'd their Parts with incredible Success: So that I have known an *Eagle* speak a Speech with more Applause than ever was paid to *Booth*, and an *Ass* bray forth a piece of *Recitativo* more to the Satisfaction of the Audience, than the best Performance of a *Seniseno* or *Cuzzoni* would have been.

Or why should any blame, or envy me?
 For writing a new *Art* of Poetry;
 Since *Modena* hath afford such precious Store
 Of Rules and Beauties never known before.

For as the stately Oaks that late were seen
 Proudly compacted, eminently green,
 Rebb'd of their leafy Honours, stragling bow,
 Their hoary Heads beneath the falling Snow;
 So Nature, Wit, and Sense must *blasted* fall,
 Whilst *blooming* Ignorance prevails o'er all.
 No Work so great, but what admits decay,
 No *Art* so glorious, but must fade away.

110

Blen-

———. Ego cur acquirere paucis
 Si possum, invidior? cum lingua Catonis & Eni
 Sermonem patrum audiverit, & verborum
 Nomina protulerit? Lacrimis, & superque licet
 Signatum presente nota prodigiosa comen
 Ut Silvae foliis pronos mutantur in arces,
 Prima cadunt; ita Verborum vetus interit aetas,
 Et juvenula rita floreat modo nata vigentque.
 Debemus morti nos, nostraque; five receptus

Blackness vest Pile shall moulder into Dust. (10)

And George's Statues, be consum'd by Rust and

Old things must yield to New, Common to Strife, 10

Perpetual Motion, brings perpetual Change. A wo

Lo! Shakespear's Head is crush'd by Rich's Heels, 115

And a throng'd Theatre in Goodman's Fields;

Lo! Smithfield Shows a polish'd Court engage,

And Hurler charms the *knowing* Age. (11)

Since Manners alter thus, the *modish* Muse,

Themes suited to the reigning Taste should chuse: 120

What Bard for *starving* Sense would suffer Death?

When fruitful Folly is th' Establish'd Faith.

62 (10) The

Terrâ Neptunus classis Aquilâs, 115

Regis opus: steriles, 116

Vicinas urbes alit, & grave sentit æstrum, 117

Nedum Sermonum stet honores, 118

Quæ nunc sunt, 119

Quem pænes 120

VER. 118. And Hurler charms the *knowing* Age, which the Ingenious, perform'd the Principal Part, and n'd, sung, and play'd on the Fiddle all at once, before crowded Audiences, the twentieth Night.

(10) The Way to write of Heroes, and of Kings,
 And sing in *wondrous* Numbers, *wondrous* Things;
 Of mighty Matters done in bloody Battle, again;
 How Arms meet Arms, Swords clash, and Cannons
 rattle,
 How such strange Toils, and Turmoils to rehearse,
 Is learnt from *Blackmore's* everlasting Verse.

(11) To sing of Shepherds, and of Shepherdesses
 Their awkward Humours, Dialogues, and Dresses: 136
 The manner how they Plow, and Sow, and Reap,
 * *How silly they, more silly than their Sheep,*

(10) Res gestæ Regumque Ducumque, & tristia Bella
 Quo scribi possunt numero, monstravit Homerus.

(11) Versibus impariter Justis querimonia Primam,
 Post etiam Inclusa est Voti Sententia compos.

Viz. 126. How Arms meet Arms, } In Imitation of the following
 wonderful Lines of that celebrated Author.

*Arms meet with Arms, Pistols with Pistols clash,
 And Sparks of Fire struck out from Cannon clash;
 Naked and half burnt Hills with hideous View,
 A fright the Cities, and fry the Ocean's back.*

* Two Lines in Phillipe's Pastorals.

In Monks blue, can trip it o'er the Green,

In Namby Pamby's Past'als may be seen.

(12) Tibbald in Mail compleat of Dullness clad, 135

Half Bard, half Puppet-man, half Fool, half Mad,

Rose next to charm the Ear, and please the Eye,

With ev'ry Monster bred beneath the Sky;

His great Command Earth's Salvages obey,

And ev'ry dreadful Native of the Sea; 140

Amaz'd we view (by his strange Pow'r convey'd)

Pluto's dark Throne, and Hell's tremendous Shade;

Then change the Scene, and lo! Heaven's bright
Abodes,

We dance with Goddesses, and sing with Gods;

Encore,

(12) Archiloeum proprio rabies armavit iambe
Hunc Soci cepere pedem, grandaeque cothurni,

VER. 138. With ev'ry Monster.] All the entertaining Absurdities in the
six following Lines, were actually represented in the Rape of Proserpine
and other Farces, and exhibited for 30 Nights successively, to the general
Satisfaction of most of the Nobility and Gentry in the Kingdom of Great
Britain.

Encore, Encore, rings thro' the raptur'd Round

Encore, Encore, the echoing Roofs rebound

(13) *The Sacred Nine first gave th' annotation of luck,*

To charm the Royal Ear, to Stephen Duck

To sing the Thresher's Labours, and recite

Things done by Man of God for Sinners

Laborious Duck, who with prodigious Pains

Hast thresh'd from thy coarse, tough, hard-yielding
brain,

A most abundant Crop of golden Grain.

But which of these the Laureat's Wreath shall
wear,

From their like Merit cannot well appear,

Till deep, discerning G—ton shall declare.

Alternis aptum Sermonibus, & populares

Vincentem strepitus —

(13) *Musa dedit fidibus Divos, Paucosque Deorum*

Et pugilem Victorem, & Equum certamine primum,

Et Juvenum Curas, & libera Vina referre

Quia tamen exiguos miserit elegos Auctor

Grammatici cecant, & adhuc sub iudice lis est

VER. 148. To Stephen Duck.] The remarkable story of this famous
Wiltshire Thresher turn'd Bard, and what happen'd thereupon, is so re-
cent in every one's Memory that we deem there's no occasion to recount it here.

VER. 154. But which of these.] When these Lines were first wrote, the
Place of Poet-Laureat was Vacant by the Demise of the Reverend Mr.
Eusden, and since bestow'd on Colley Cibber, Esq.

(14) If ignorant thou of those new Ways to Fame,
 You'll never acquire the Poet's sacred Name.
 Your Readers Tastes you must with Care discern,
 And never be so ignorant to learn.
 Let Comick Wit be wrote in Tragick Verse,
 And doleful Tales be shewn in burlesque Farce,
 Assign no Place to a peculiar Part,
 Nor brook the Bondage of laborious Art;
 But vary oft your Method, and your Style,
 Let one Scene make us weep, the other smile,
 It suits the various Tempers of our Line.

(15) Descriptas Servare vices, Operumque colores,
 Cur ego si nequeo Ignoroque, Poeta salutor?
 Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere malo?
 Verbis exponi Tragicis res comica non vult,
 Indignatur item privatis ac prope Socco
 Dignis Carminibus narrari comæ Thyestæ,
 Singula quæque locum teneant Sortita decenter.
 Interdum tamen & vocem Comædia tollit,
 Et tragicus plerumque dolet Sermone pedestri.
 Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.

VER. 166. Let one Scene make us weep, the other smile.
 This Rule is strictly observ'd by
 most of our modern Dramatick Writers. Their Comedies have such very
 Scenes in them, that they seldom fail to draw Tears from the tender and compas-
 sionate Part of the Audience, whilst on the contrary their Tragedies are so
 pleasant and diverting, that the Spectators can't refrain from frequently burst-
 ing into a Laugh.

(15) 'Tis not enough that Show, and Sing-song meet,
The Ladies look for something *soft*, and *sweet*:
That ev'ry tender Sentiment can move.
And fix their Fancies on the *Part* they Love.
In *Perseus* this was to Perfection done,
The *Dance* was very *moving* they must own.

(16) But if you must be foolishly severe,
And in dull Morals madly persevere;
If Sense, and Decency you still will keep,
No wonder if your Audience hiss, or sleep.
Your Words should ne'er be suited to your Theme,
The Sound a *Contrast* to the Sense should seem.
A merry Grinn sets off a *dismal* Tale,
Weep when you *jest*, and *giggle* while you *rail*.

For

(15) Non satis est pulchra esse Poemata, Dulcis suntu:

Et quocunque volunt animum auditoris agunt.

(16) ——— malè si mandata Loqueris

Aut dormitabo aut ridebo, Tristia mecum

Vultum verba decent, iratum Plena minarum,

Ludentem lasciva, severum seria dictu.

For wanton Nature forms the human Mind,
 Still fond of *Wonders*, and to *Change* inclin'd;
 Plain Sense we fly, *strange* Nonsense to pursue,
 And leave old *Follies*, but to grasp at *New*; 185
 One hour we court, what we the *next* refuse,
 And loath to morrow, what to day we chuse:
 Now we are grave, then gay—now wing'd with
 Joy,
 Then sunk in Grief—and all we know not why.

D

The

Format enim natura prius nos iustus ad omnem
 Fortunarum habitum; Juvat aut impellit ad iram

VER. 182. For wanton Nature.] Egregious are the Blunders of all our Commentators on the following Lines; errantly taking them in a literal Sense, they have stigmatiz'd them as a virulent Incoherence in *Dante's* Nature. Groundless and absurd! Is not the whole Poem an Irony? Ought not these Lines therefore to be construd by the rule of *Reverie*, and doth not our Bard, then, in this place, sing loudly in Laud of his Fellow-Creatures, and hold forth the present spotless Generation, as replete with Honour, Integrity, Prudence, Generosity, and a long & cetera of *Vertues*? In this Light we doubt not but these Verses will be look'd on by every well-dispos'd good-natur'd Reader, and to the Truth of which we trust he will readily accord.

The Things we hunt, are Pleasure, Wealth, and
Fame, 190

But a wrong Scent still cheats us of the Game;

For different Objects, different Aims excite,

And still we think the last Opinion right:

To Craft, Deceit, and Selfishness inclin'd,

We never let the Face betray the Mind; 195

But then look fairest, when we mean most ill,

And Syrens like we only smile — to kill:

By Interest sway'd, each Word is full of Art,

And still the Tongue runs counter to the Heart.

(17) From all restraint your Characters set free, 200

Nor, with their Fortune, make their Words agree.

We hate a Piece where Truth and Nature meet,

Scorn what is real, but enjoy deceit; And

Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, & angit:

Post effert animi motus interperle Lingua.

(17) Si dicentis erunt fortunis absfona dicta,

And always give the most Applause to those
Who on our very Senses most impose.

(18) Take then no Pains resemblance to pursue,
Give us but something very strange, and new;
'Twill entertain the more — that is my view.
If great Sir Robert's Character you'd feign,
Describe him mean, revengeful, thoughtless, vain,
A thousand monstrous Accusations bring,
False to his Friends, his Country, and his King,
Ungrateful giving, in refusing Sould,
An *Wolfey* in, a *Cat* line out of Power,
The Church's downfall, and the State's Disease,
A Turk, a Jew, a Fiend, a — what you please.

D 2

No

Romani tollent Equites peditesque cachinnum.

(18) Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge.

Scriptor. Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem,

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,

Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis;

Make *weakly Patriots* free from Envy seem,
 And publick Good their *Thought*, as well as *Theme*.
 Call *Dorset* vain, firm *Wilmington* a Tool,
Cooper a Churl, and *Dodington* a Fool. 220
 Make *Chesterfield* nor witty, nor polite,
Argile unable or to speak, or fight,
Wager the *Just* from *Vertue's* Paths elope,
 And *Montagu* a downright *Misanthrope*.
Talbot, the Boast and Blessing of the Age! 225
 On friendless *Merit's* Side must ne'er engage;
 No proud Oppressor dread his awful Name,
 Nor injur'd Right his just *Decrees* proclaim,

No

Sit *Medea* ferox invictaque; flebilis *Ino*,
 Perfidus *Ixion*, Io vaga, tristis *Orestes*,

VER. 199. *Misanthrope*.] A Man-hater, a Character the most contrary
 imaginable to that of the noble Personage to whom it is here apply'd; whose
 singular Humanity and Candor, cannot fail of calling down upon him
 such Appellations as this from the Harlequin Authors of the Bathos,

No *Orphan* Voice should grateful Pæans raise,
 Nor *Widow'd* Hands be lifted in his Praise; 230
 But Partial, Proud, Ambitious, be describ'd,
 By Passion govern'd, and by Interest brib'd.

(19) But if some untry'd Story you would chuse,
 And in new Characters employ your Muse;
 Draw each be sure as monstrous as you can, 235
 Something betwixt a *Chartres* and a Man.
 True to it self let no one Image be,
 Nor the Beginning with the End agree;
 From first to last write on without Design,
 No And give us some new Wonder in each Line. 240

(20) 'Tis

(19) Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, & audes
 Personam formare novam; servetur ad imum
 Qualis ab incæpto processerit, & sibi constet.

(20) 'Tis difficult a well-known Tale to tell,
 It won't admit Variety so well;
 But if you bring a *Scotch*, or *Irish* Story,
 You'll never fail to please both *Whig* and *Tory* :
 Then other's Labours you may make your own, 249
 Steal every Word, nor fear its being known ;
 For if the *Owner* should your Theft explore,
 E'en cry *Thief* first, like honest *Jemmy More*.

(21) Let lofty Language your Beginning grace,
 And still set out with a gigantick Pace; 250

(20) Difficile est propriè communia dicere : tuque
 Rectius Illiacum Carmen deducis in actus.
 Quam si proferres ignota indistaque primus.
 Publica materies privati Juris erit, Si
 Nec circa Vilem patulumque moraberis orbem,
 Nec Verbum Verbo curabis reddere fidus
 Interpres, nec desilies Imitator in arctum
 Unde Pedem proferre pudor Vetet, aut Operis Lex.

(21) Nec sic incipiēs ut Scriptor Cyclicus olim,

VER. 220. Like honest *Jemmy More*.] *This worthy Brother having pilfer'd some Manuscript Verses from an Eminent Writer, and publish'd them as his own, when they appear'd under the Name of the real Author, made no Scruple to turn the Theft from himself, and in the Integrity of his Heart accuse the other as the Plagiary.*

In thund'ring Lines your *no Design* rehearse.

And rant, and rumble in a Storm of Verse.

It ne'er can fail to charm a crowded House,

To see the lab'ring Mountain yield a Mouse.

245 We're pleas'd to find the *great*, th' *important*, Day,

Produce a Jig, a Wedding, or a Fray; 256

* *As if the old World modestly withdrew,*

And here in private had brought forth a New;

e, Profoundly judging with the antient Sire,

250 That *where there is much Smoke, must be some Fire.*

In (22) 'Tis therefore your's to keep the Mind in

Doubt, 261

And never let your Meaning quite come out;

To

Fortunam Priami cantabo & nobile Bellum;

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?

Parturient montes nascetur ridiculus mus.

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare Lucem

Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc Miracula promat.

(22) Semper ad eventum festinat; & in medias res,

Non secus ac notas auditorem rapit; & quæ.

* *Two Lines in the Indian Emperor.*

To shun the least approach of Light with Care,
And turn, and double like a hunted Hare.

To hide your whole Design make some Pretence,
And spare no Pains to keep us in suspense; 26
Leave out no Nonsense, and you cannot fail
To make your work have neither Head nor Tail.

(23) If anxious to delight the list'ning Throng,
Their strict Attention, and loud Claps prolong; 27
If ev'ry Rank, and Sect you would engage,
Ne'er suit your Manners to the Sex, or Age.
To write in Character is not requir'd;
The more uncommon, 'tis the more admir'd.

(24) A Boy that just can go alone, and prattle,
Should fly his *Play-fellows* and scorn his *Rattle*. 27

Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit;
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet ium.

(23) Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, & usque
Seffuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat,
Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores.

(24) Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, & pede certo
Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, & iram

Like little *W*—*m*, boast true *English* Spirit,
 And gravely talk of Vertue, Sense, and Merit;
 Converse with Patriots, and *Politicians*,
 And rail at *Dunkirk*, *Hannover*, and *Hessians*. 286

(25) The beardless Youth as wanton as a Squirrel,
 Just free'd from Discipline of Rod, and Ferrel,
 Should sagely cast his jovial Sports away,
 Renounce his Wenching, Drinking, Dogs, and Play,
 Copy the *stingy Duke* so young and thrifty, 285
 And look, and talk, a very *Don* of Fifty.

(26) One of that Age at which 'tis made a Rule,
 That each Man's a Physician, or a Fool;

E

Wild

Colligit ac ponit temere, & mutatur in horas.

(25) Imberbis Juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
 Gaudet equis canibusque & apriei gramine campi
 Cereus in in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
 Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,
 Sublimis, cupidusque, & amata relinquere pernix.

26) Conversis studiis ætas animusque virilis

Wild as old wanton *Clodio* should appear, 290
 Void of Ambition, innocent of Fear;
 Nor Fame, nor Friendship, nor Preferment mind,
 So *Jowler* prove but staunch, and *Phillis* kind.

(27) Old Age in youthful Pleasures should delight,
 And like grim *Chartres* Drink, Wench, Game, and
 Bite;

Have each weak Side supported by a Whore, 290
 And ravish *Drury-Virgins* by the Score.

'For 'tis, you know, an uncontested Truth,
 That Age is nothing but a second Youth.
 Dejecting Thought! that all the Toil and Cares
 Which Youth's employ'd in, all our Hopes, and Fear

Quærit opes & amicitias, intervrit honori,
 Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.

(27) Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda, vel quod
 Quærit, & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti:
 Vel quod Res omnes timidè gelidèque ministrat;
 Dilator, spe longus, inners, avidusque futuri,
 Difficilis, querulus, Laudator temporis acti

The Wealth, Fame, Knowledge, Honour, we obtain, IT

290 Pass a few Years, are uselefs found, and vain.

Thus Truth and Nature you must still neglect, IT

For those Things please us most we least expect, M

To see *Sixteen*, like old Sir *Gilbert*, scrape, 305

ght, And *Sixty* sent to *Newgate* for a Rape.

and (28) Next shun with Care, the Rule prescrib'd of
old,

290 That Things too strange, should not be shewn, but
told.

E 2 The

Se puero, censor castigatoreque minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,
Multa recedentes adimunt; ne forte seniles
Mandentur Juveni partes, pueroque Viriles,
Semper in adjunctis ævoque morabitur aptis.

Fear (28) Aut agitur res in Scenis, aut acta refertur;
Segniùs irritant animos demissa per aurem,

Th VER. 306. And *Sixty* sent to *Newgate* for a Rape.] *A certain no-
torious Colonel, who after having, with Impunity, been guilty of diverse
Misdemeanors highly worthy of the Gallows, was at last sentenc'd to it
for one which he was not capable of committing; being sent to Newgate
and condemn'd at the Old Bailey for a Rape, when full Threescore Years
old, and well nigh Bed-ridden withal. Aptly therefore may we here trans-
cribe the following Lines from our dear Placcus.*

Rarò antecedentem Scelestum
Deseruit pede pæna Claudio.

The Feats of *Faustus*, and the Pranks of *Jove*
 Chang'd to a *Bull*, to carry off his Love ; 310
 The *swimming Monster*, and the *flying Steed*,
Medusa's Cavern, and her Serpent-breed,
Dames voluntarily rising from the Ground,
 And *Yaboo Rich* transform'd into a *Hound*,
 All acted, with a Show of Truth deceive, 315
 Which if related we should ne'er believe ;
 Glorious Free-thinking reigns to that degree,
 We credit nothing now, but what we see.

(29) The Number of your Acts we never mind,
 For modern Poets scorn to be confin'd: 320

Two

Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ
 Ipse sibi tradit Spectator — non tamen intus
 Digna geri, promes in Scenam ———
 Nec pueros, coram populo, Medea trucidet ;
 Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in Anguem.
 Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

(29) Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actus

Two sometimes suits the Genius, sometimes three,

310 With hungry Bards the fewest best agree.

(30) To serve each purpose, be it ne'er so odd,

Be sure to introduce a *Ghost* or — *God*;

Make *Monsters, Fiends, Heav'n, Hell*, at once engage, 325

For all are pleas'd to see a *well-fill'd Stage*.

315 (31) The antient *Chorus* justly's laid aside,

And all its Office by a *Song* supply'd:

A *Song* — when to the Purpose something's lack't,

Relieves us in the middle of an Act; 330

A *Song* inspires our Breasts with am'rous Fury,

320 And turns our Fancies on the *Nymphs* of *Drury*:

Can

Fabula, quæ posci vult, & Spectata reponi.

(30) Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit; nec quarta loqui persona laboret.

(31) Actoris partes Chorus officiumque Virile
Defendat: neu quid medios intercinat actus,
Quod non proposito conducatur & hæreat apte;
Ille bonis faveatque & concilietur amicis,
Et regat iratos, & amet peccare timentes:
Ille dapas laudet mensæ brevis; ille salubrem

Can quell our Rage, and pacify our Cares,
Revive old Hopes, and banish present Fears;
Lighten, like Wine, the bitter Load of Life 335
And make each Wretch forget his *Debts* — and *Wife*.

(32) In Days of Old when *Englishmen* were — *Men*,
Their Musick, like themselves, was grave, and plain;
The manly Trumpet, and the simple Reed,
Alike with *Citizen*, and *Swain* agreed, 340
Whose Songs in lofty Sense, but humble Verse,
Their Loves, and Wars alternately rehearse;
Sung by themselves, their homely Cheer to crown,
In Tunes from Sire to Son deliver'd down.

But now, since *Britains* are become polite, 345
Since some have learnt to *read*, and some to *write*;

Since

Justitiam, legesque, & apertis otia Portis;
Ille tegat commissa, Deosque precetur & oret
Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.

(32) Tibi non, ut nunc, Orichalco vineta, Tubæque
Æmula, sed tenuis simplexque foramine pauco,
Aspirare & addesse Choris erat utilis, atque

Since Trav'ling has so much improv'd our *Beaux*,
 That each brings home a foreign *Tongue*, or — *Nose*;
 And Ladies paint with that amazing Grace,
 That their best *Vizard* is their natural *Face*; 350
 Since *South-Sea Schemes* have so enrich'd the Land,
 That *Footmen*'ganst their *Lords* for *Boroughs* stand;
 Since *Masquerades* and *Opera*'s made their Entry,
 And *Heydegger* and *Handell* rul'd our Gentry;
 A hundred different Instruments combine, 355
 And foreign *Songsters* in the Concert join:
 The *Gallick Horn*, whose winding Tube, in vain
 Pretends to emulate the *Trumpet*'s Strain;

The

Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu:
 Quo sane Populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,
 Et frugi, castusque Verecundusque coibat.
 Postquam coepit agros extendere victor, & urbem
 Latior amplecti murus, Vinoque diurno
 Placari Genius festis impunè diebus,
 Accessit numerisque modisque libentia major;

The *shrill-ton'd Fiddle*, and the *warbling Flute*,
 The *grave Bassoon*, *deep Base*, and *tinkling Lute*, 360
 The *jingling Spinnet*, and the *full-mouth'd Drum*,
 A *Roman Weather* and *Venetian Strum*,
 All league, melodious Nonsense to dispense,
 And give us *Sound*, and *Show*, instead of *Sense* ;
 In unknown Tongues mysterious Dullness chant, 365
 Make Love in *Tune*, or *thro' the Gamut rant*.

(33) Long labour'd *Rich*, by Tragick Verse to gain
 The *Town's Applause* — but labour'd long in vain ;

At

Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,
 Et tulit Eloquium insolitum facundia præceps:
 Utiliumque sagax rerum & divina futuri
 Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.

(33) Carmine qui Tragico vilem certavit ob Hircum,
 Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, & asper

VER. 365. In unknown Tongues.] Our Author would not be thought here to inveigh against Musick in general; far be that from any one whose Soul delighteth itself in the Exercitations of harmonious Metre. He only lamenteth, therefore, that this delectable Art, which if well apply'd, is capable of adding a Charm to Sense, and a Force to Instruction, should so frequently be made subservient to Obscenity and Nonsense, or Jesuitically confin'd, like false Devotion, to an unknown Tongue.

At length he wisely to his Aid call'd in,

The *active Mime* and *checker'd Harlequin*. 370

Nor rul'd by Reason, nor by Law restrain'd,

In all his Shows, Lewdness and Scandal reign'd;

Peers, Prelates, Commons, all alike they roast,

From *Knight of Garter*, down to *Knight of Post*;

Paid no regard to any Rank or Station, 375

Yea, mock'd the solemn Rites of Coronation.

Lords, Knights, and Ladies who but late were seen

With Regal Pomp, and Eminence of Mien;

Plumes on their Heads that dar'd the very Skie,

Ribbands and *Stars* that dazzl'd every Eye; 380

F

Trains

Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit, eo quod

Illecebris erat & gratâ novitate morandus

Spectator, functusque sacris, & potus, & exlex.

Verum ita risores ita commendare dicaces,

Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere Seria Ludo,

Ne quicumque Deus, quicumque adhibebitur heros

Regali conspectus in auro nuper & Ostro

VER. 376. Yea mock'd the solemn Rites of Coronation.] *Soon after the Coronation of their present Majesties, there was a pompous Representation of the Solemnity, and Procession, exhibited at the Theatre in Drury-lane, which Mr. Rich took occasion to Burlesque in the Manner here describ'd.*

Trains that with Gold and Purple swept the
Ground,

And *Musick* like the Sphere's celestial Sound,

Here strip'd of all, in homely guise appear,

Knights Hempen-strings, and *Ladies Pattens* wear;

The good *Lord Mayor*, as erst, devouring *Custard*, 385

And *Musick*, as when *City-Bands* are muster'd.

Ay, *this will do!* the throng'd *Spectator* crys;

Ay, *this will do!* enlighten'd *Rich* replies;

Shakespear, *Rowe*, *Johnson*, now are quite undone,

These are thy *Triumphs*, thy *Exploits*, O *Lun!*

Thou then, O Bard! who would'st attempt to
please,

Give us such fine, fantastick Things as these;

Make

Migret in obscuras, humili sermone, Tabernas.

Effutire leves indigna Tragedia Versus,

Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus,

Make our grave *Matrons* as unseemly Dance,

And talk as Lewd as *Mademoiselles de France*, 390

(34) Who'ere would *Comedy* or *Satire* write,

Must never spare *Obscenity*, and *Spite*:

A *Quantum sufficit* of Smut, will raise

Crowds of Applauders to the dullest Plays;

Whilst gross *Scurrillity*, and pure ill Nature, 395

Are found the best *Ingredients* for a *Satire*.

But he that would in *Buskins* tread the Stage,

With *Rant*, and *Fustian*, must divert the Age,

And *Boschi* like, be always in a Rage.

F 2

In

Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.

(34) Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina solum,
Verbaque Pisones, Satyrorum Scriptor amabo;

VER. 399. And *Boschi* like.] A useful Performer for several Years in the Italian Opera's, for if any of the Audience chanc'd unhappily to be lull'd to sleep by these soothing Entertainments, he never fail'd of rousing them up again, and by the extraordinary Fury both of his Voice and Action, made it manifest, that, tho' only a Taylor by Profession, he was nine times more a Man than any of his Fellow-Warblers.

In *Blood* and *Wounds* the *Galleries* most delight; 400
 Who think all *Vertue* is to storm, and fight;
 Whilst *Plumes*, gilt *Truncheons*, bloody *Ghosts* and
Thunder,

Engage the *Boxes* to behold and — wonder.

Confound all *Characters*, no difference make

If noble *York*, or blund'ring *Gripus* speak; 405

York with strong *Sense* and pow'rful *Rhet'rick* crown'd,

Unmeaning *Gripus* rich in nought but *Sound*.

So puzzle well known *Things*, that all may own,

Such *Wonders* could be done by you alone:

So much surprizing *Novelty* prevails, 410

And adds such *Honours* to the meanest *Tales*.

(35) Let

Neq sic enitar Tragico differre colori
 Ut nihil intersit Davusne loquatur, & audax
 Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone Talentum:
 An cultos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni.
 Ex noto fictum carmen sequar ut sibi quis
 Speret idem. Sudet multum, frustraue laboret
 Ausus idem. Tantum Series juncturaque pollet;
 Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris.

(35) Let Country *Clodpoles* just come up to Town,
Well-bred, Polite, and Elegant, be shewn;
Talk Blasphemy and Lewdness, with a *Port*,
As if they had been born, and bred at Court: 415
To see all Nature with such Art inverted,
Tom and my *Lord* will be alike diverted;
Let Criticks snarl they never can redress,
For worthy Leave is giv'n you to transgress.

(36) But hold, wise Sir, for that *your leave* we
crave, 420
What shan't we shew the little Wit we have?
Shall *we* (*you cry*) learn writing ill by *Rule*,
And have we need to Study to be *Dull*?

Yes →

(35) *Silvis deducti caveant, me iudice, Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis ac pene forenses,
Aut immunda crepent ignominiosaque dicta:
Offenduntur enim quibus est Equus & Pater & Res;
Et data Romanis Venia est indigna Poetis.*
(36) *Idcircone vager scribamque licenter? an omnes
Visuros peccata putem mea, tutus, & intra
Spem Veniæ cautus?*

Yes — when the greatest Merit's want of Sense,
 The least faint glimpse of Reason gives offence: 425
 Besides, who'd read the *Antients* Night and Day,
 And toil to follow where they lead the Way?
 Who'd write, and cancel with alternate Pain,
 First sweat to build, then to pull down again?
 To turn the weigh'd Materials o'er and o'er, 430
 And every Line, in ev'ry Light explore,
 From Sense, and Nature never to depart,
 And labour *artfully*, to cover *Art*:
 Who'd seek to run such *rugged* Roads as these?
 When *smooth Stupidity's* the Way to please; 435
 When gentle *Cary's* Singsongs more delight,
 Than all a *Dryden* or a *Pope* can write.

————— Vitavi denique Culpam,
 Non laudem merui. Vos Exemplaria Græca
 Nocturnâ versate manu, versate Diurnâ
 At nostri proavi Plautinos & numeros &
 Laudavere sales.

(37) Our

(37) Our antient Tragedy was void of Art,
Shewn by some merry *Briton* in a Cart,
Whose naked Tribe of *Saxons*, *Scots*, and *Picts*, 440
Sung Songs like *Lev'ridge*, and like *Rich* play'd
Tricks.

(38) Then *Shakespear* rose in a politer Age,
And plac'd his well-dress'd Actors on a Stage,
Taught them to move with Grace, and speak with
Art,

To charm the Passions, and engage the Heart; 445

(39) Next laughing Comedy with awkward Grace,
Began to shew its rediculing Face,

But

(37) Ignotum Tragicæ Genus invenisse Camœnæ
Dicitur, & Plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis,
Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti sæcibus ora.

(38) Post hunc Personæ pallæquæ repertor honestæ
Aeschylus, & modicis instravit Pulpita tignis;
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique Cothurno.

(39) Successit Vetus his Comædia, non sine multa
Laude, sed in vitium libertas excidit, & Vim

But taking too much Freedom with the *Great*,
 In *Polly's Opera* receiv'd its Fate.
 (40) Our *English* Bards have left untry'd no Ways, 450
 No Stone unturn'd in the pursuit of Praise;
 But bravely launching from the *Antient's* Road,
 In Paths peculiar to themselves have trod;
 Till *Brittain* now like famous is become,
 For *Arms Abroad*, and *Poetry at Home*. 455

Some Fools indeed amongst us yet remain,
 Who think to mend their Works by Time, and Pain;
 Much Care, and Reading their Productions cost,
Much Care and Reading now, is so much lost:

Take

Dignam lege regi: lex est accepta: Chorusque
 Turpiter obticuit, sublato Jure nocendi.
 c) Nil intentatum nostri liquere Poetae
 Nec minimum meruere decus vestigia Græca
 Ausi deserere, & celebrare domestica facta:
 Nec vertute foret clarior potentius armis,
 Quàm linguâ Latium, si non offenderet unum
 Quemque Poetarum Limæ Labor & mora — Vos ô
 Pompilius Sanguis Carminum reprehendite quod non,

VER. 449. In *Polly's Opera*] A Dramatick Performance written by
 the Author of the celebrated Begger's Opera, which was forbidden to be
 acted on account of some political Reflections contain'd in it.

What need to touch, re-touch, to prune, or add, 460

To raise the Good, or to reject the Bad;

When one wild stragling Thought, one lucky Hit

Will serve instead of Judgment, Sense, and Wit.

Besides in striving to patch one Fault o'er,

Like Tinkers, you'd but make a hundred more. 465

(41) Most Readers love romantick Flights alone,

And scorn a Piece where Art, and Judgement's shewn;

Nor think that any Man can be a Poet,

Unless his frantick Looks, and Actions shew it.

If therefore you would gain the sacred Name, 470

And with the Mob immortalize your Fame;

G

Be

Multa dies & multa litura coercuit, atque

Perfectum decies castigavit ad unguem.

(31) Ingenium miserâ quia fortunatius arte

Credit, & excludit sanos Helicone Poëtas

Democritus, Bona pars non unguis ponere curat,

Non Barbam; secreta petit loca; Balnea vitat;

Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque Poëtæ

Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam

Tonfori Licino commiserit. —————

Be sure that like *mere* Men you ne'er be seen,
 Good-natur'd, cheerful, mannerly, or clean;
 But slovenly, and thoughtful walk the Street,
 Talk to your self, and know no Friend you meet.
 As for my self, I'm far from being nice, 476
 And practise often what I here advise;
 At Shop, or Stall of Stationer appear,
 With tatter'd Habit, and abstracted Air;
 Now fiercely gazing, now in Thought profound, 480
 My Eyes or at the Stars, or on the Ground.
 Not that I dare to Poetry pretend,
 But boast at most to be the Poet's Friend,
 To *whet* them on to write, and like the *Hone*,
 Give others Edge, tho' I my self have none; 485

To

O ego lævus
 Qui purgo Bilem sub verni Temporis horam :
 Ergo fungar vice cotis ; acutum
 Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi.

To point them out the most successful Ways,

To purchase *Pudding*, and to purchase *Praise*.

Hear then, ye Bards, with close Attention hear,

(You that are blest'd with a remaining *Ear*;))

Learn hence what Paths to quit, or to pursue, 490

To gain the False, and to avoid the True;

Learn hence new Ways, and Wonders to explore,

And write as Poets never wrote before.

(42) A thorough Knowledge of the Court, and
Town,

Is the grand *Nostrum* to acquire Renown; 495

Let *Novels*, *Satires*, and *Lampoons* be read,

And with the *Weekly Journals* fill your Head.

A Bard well skill'd in the Affairs of State,

And all th' Intrigues, and Knaveries of the Great ;

G 2 Who

Munus & officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo:

Unde parentur opes, quid alat formetque Poetam.

(42) Scribendi recte Sapere est principium & fons;

Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt offendere Chartæ,

Who knows the solemn Promises they make, 500

They do—for no one Purpose but to break;

Their talk of *publick* Good, and *future* Fame,

Means *present* Profit all, and *private* Aim;

That all the filial Piety they have,

They long to bury in their *Father's* Grave, 505

And all the Brotherly Regards they bear,

Consist in Hopes of soon commencing *Heir*.

Who knows what *Members* for their Voices paid,

And what, by *Pique* and *Patriotism* led,

Sell their dear Country for Revenge or — Bread. 510

What

Qui didicit Patri quid debeat, & quid amicis,
Quo sit amore Parens, quo frater amandus, & Hospes,
Quod sit conscripti, quod Judicis officium, quæ
Partes in bellum missi ducis; ille profecto
Reddere Personæ scit convenientia cuique.

VER. 509. Patriotism] An ancient Word with a modern Signification: For whereas in Days of Yore it denoted a Generous Disposition in a Man towards Serving the Publick, now, these Times of Reversing are come; it importeth a more provident One towards Serving Himself; and is indiscriminately made use of by each Party when out of Power (which Party is always presum'd to be in the Right) in order to consecrate their Opposition to that which is in.

What *Judge* who, while he hangs the needy *Knave*,
 For a *plum Hundred* will the rich One save;
 And what fierce *Captain* when commanded out,
 Resigns his Post, or counterfeits the *Gout*,
 A Bard, I say, with such Acquirements stor'd, 515
 Can draw a *Jilt*, a *Sharper*, or a *Lord*,
 And private Scandals better entertain,
 Than all the Sweat and Labour of the *Bram*.

(43) The *Greeks*, dull Souls! so greedy were of
 Fame,

They starv'd the *Body* to preserve the *Name*: 526

They scorn'd forsooth to suit the vulgar Taste,

Their Labours to Posterity must last,

And, for the present, they must — what? why fast. }

Thank

Respicere Exemplar vitæ mōrumque jūbebo
 Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces;
 Interdum Speciosa locis morataque recte,
 Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
 Quàm versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.
 (43) Graiis Ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
 Mūsa loqui, præter Laudem nullius avaris.

Thank Heaven we're bless'd with more *substantial*
Sense,

And take most Pleasure, when we count the *Pence*; 525

Let wicked *Heathens* be so proud, and vain,

A Christian Poet's Godliness is *gain*.

Eat much, drink more, think none, but write away,

Thus you'll unite the *Pleasure* and the *Pay*.

Of Bulk alone your Printer is a Judge, 530

Nor a large Price, for many Sheets can grudge;

Your Readers too you better can impose on,

Whilst the long, tedious, puz'ling *Tome* they doze on.

(44) When-

Romani pueri longis rationibus assem

Discunt in partes centum diducere—

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare Poetæ :

Aut simul & Jucunda & idonea dicere Vitæ.

Quicquid præcipies, esto brevis, ut cito dicta

Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles ;

Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.

(44) When'ere for sake of sweet Variety,
 You'd draw some Wonder, or diverting Lie, 535
 Fly far from *heavy* Probability;
 And shew *Tom Thumb*, the more Surprize to give,
 From the *Cows Maw*, thrown up again alive.

(45) To please alone employ your Thoughts and
 Care,
 Nor Age, nor Youth, will admonition bear; 540
 Your preaching moral Dunce we always slight,
 And read not for Instruction, but Delight.

(46) 'Tis

- (44) Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris:
 Neu pransæ Lamiæ vivum Puerum extrahat alvo.
 (45) Centuriæ Seniorum agitant expertia frugis;
 Celsi prætereunt austerâ poemata Rhamnes.

VER 538. From the *Cows Maw*.] *This piece of Advice has been literally follow'd since the first Publication of this Poem; The Directors of the several Theatres having reviv'd the Farse of Tom Thumb, with an additional Scene of this Marvellous Incident, wherein the Cow is said to have perform'd her Part beyond Expectation, and disgorg'd her little Inhabitant in full Health and Vigour, and in a Manner entirely Satisfactory to the transported Beholders. A sufficient Encouragement, we presume, to every Bard to persevere in all the Rules laid down in our Work.*

(46) 'Tis then, and then alone the Point you
gain,

When no one Precept in your Works remain,

But *Ribaldry*, and *Scandal* lawless Reign. 545

Thus shall you reap the Profit you pursue,

And *Curl* get Money by the Copy too;

Thus shall all *Drury* in your Praise combine,

And distant *Goodman's Fields* their Pæans join;

So far *Barbadoes* shall re-found your Fame, 550

And ev'n *transported Felons* know your Name.

(47) Yet if by *chance*, you here and there im-
part,

Some Sparks of Wit, or Glimmerings of Art;

If

(46) Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo;
Hic meret æra liber Sociis: hic & mare transit.

(47) Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus;

VAR. 552. Yet if by *Chance*.] This is a Misfortune which will some-
times happen to the greatest of our Brethren, and those who are best skill'd
in the laws of the Bathos, but the good-natur'd Reader will have Can-
dor enough to conclude, that it is not occasion'd by any Misleadings of their own
Genius, but rather by some Plunder from the Parnassian Writers inadvertently
cast in, without having first receiv'd their metamorphosing Stamp.

If by *mistake* you *blunder* upon Sense,
 Good Nature will forgive the first Offence;
 No *String* will always give the Sound requir'd,
 Nor *Shaft* fly faithful to the Point desir'd.
 If that your Works are generally fraught,
 With *pompous* Show, and *shallowness* of Thought;
 If hum'rous Point, smooth Verse, and forc'd Con-
 ceit,

With *soothing* Sound, and *solid* Nonsense meet:

We shall not be offended with one Fault,

Thro' Want of Negligence, or Pain of Thought:

But think not that an Audience will excuse

The *Drudge* that *purposely* dull Sense pursues,

H That

Nam neque chorda Sonum reddat quem vult manus & mens,

Nec temper feriet quodcunque minabitur arcus:

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis

Offendar maculis, quos aut incuria fudit,

Aut humana parum cavit natura; quid ergo?

That Young or Thompson like, will never write,
 Unless at once to profit, and delight
 The best may err 'tis true, and seem to creep,
 Long Labours sink the brightest Souls in sleep;
 I'm griev'd to find even Cheshire Jonson nod, 579
 And sometimes show the absence of the God.
 (48) Painting and Poetry should still agree,
 Some Pictures best far off, some near, we see;
 So when the Tricks of Faustus are presented,
 If plac'd too nigh my Pleasure is prevented 575

Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,
 Quamvis est monitus, vanâ caret & citharædus
 Ridetur, chordâ qui semper oberrat eadem;
 Sic mihi qui multum cessat, fit Chærilus ille,
 Quem his terque bonum cum risu miror, & idem
 Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus;
 Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

(48) Ut Pictura Poesis erit; quæ si proprius stes
 Te capiet magis; & quædam, si longius abstes;

VER. 566. That Young or Thompson like.] The First of these Gentlemen was Author of the Universal Passion, a very beautiful Set of Satires, and several other instructive and entertaining Pieces. Mr. Thompson's excellent Poems in Miltonick Verse, are too universally known and admird, to admit of any particular Mention here. We are inform'd, that this Gentleman is about publishing some poetical Essays on Liberty, and we may venture to Prophecy, that his Pen will be found equal to the Subject.

VER. 570. Cheshire Jonson.] Author of Hurlothrumbo and other Pieces altogether as wonderful; of which see the Note on VER. 118.

I see the *Strings* by which the Feats are done,
 And quickly find no *Conjurer* in *Lun*.
 If *Ghosts* appear make *dark* the solemn Scene;
 But in full *Light* let *Goddesses* be seen;
 Poor *Bays's* Opera scarce would bear *one View*. 580
 But *Gay's* repeated *Sixty-times*, was new.

(49) O! *Dennis*, eldest of the scribbling Throng,
 Tho' skill'd thy self in ev'ry Art of Song,
 Tho' of thy *Mother-Goddess* Tip-top full,
 By Inspiration *fervently* Dull; 585
 Yet this one Maxim from my Pen receive,
 To *midling* Bards the World no Quarter give.

H 2

T—d

Hæc amat obscurum, volet hæc sub luce videri;
 Hæc placuit semel; hæc decies repetita placebit.

(49) O major Juvenum, quamvis & voce paternâ,
 Fingeris ad rectum, & per te sapias hoc tibi dictum;
 Tolle memor: certis medium & tolerabile rebuss
 Rectè concedi. Consultus Juris & actor

VER. 382. No *Conjurer* in *Lun*.] A fictitious Name assum'd by Mr. Rich-
 when he perform'd the part of *Faustus* in the *Farce*, and at other Times
 when he play'd the *Harlequin*.

T—*d* a *Petty-fogger* might have made,
 And been perhaps a *Dapster* at his *Trade*.
 Th' indifferent *Lawyer* is the most in vogue, 590
 And still the greater, as the greater *Rogue*.
 But midling *Poets* are by all accurst,
 We only listen to the Best or — *Worst*.

(50) All *Arts* by *Time*, and *Industry* are gain'd,
 And without *Pains* no *Knowledge* is obtain'd. 595
Ladies must study hard to play *Quadrill*,
 And *Doctors* take *Degrees* before they kill.
Soldiers to gain their *Point*, must be *polite*,
Dress, *Sing*, and *Dance*, and ev'ry thing but — *Fight*

Courtiers

Causarum mediocris abest virtute disertum
 Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cascellius Attilus;
 Sed tamen in pretio est ——— Mediocribus esse Poëtis
 Non Homines, non Dii, non concessere columnæ.
 Sic, animis natum inventumque Poema juvandis,
 Si paulum a summo discessit, vergit ad imum.
 (50) Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis:
 Indoctusque Pilæ, Discive, Trochive, quiescit,

Courtiers do all that's *little* to be — *Great*, 600

And *Lawyers* study *Equity* to cheat:

But yet, you say, that without Pains, or Time,

All dare to dabble in the Arts of Rhime:

Why not? since Fancy, Poverty, and Spite,

Demand eternal Priviledge to write. 605

Without restraint indulge your *keen* Desire,

Want — not *Minerva*, kindles up the Fire:

Write then, and still write on; No Matter why,

Nor what, Nor how, — So *Lintot*, will but buy:

The Task run thro', let it be ne'er read o'er, 611

Nor Sleep *nine Moments* in the dark '*Scrutore*;

But when the *Groans* of the *griev'd* Press, shall cease,

And *Others* lay your Labours up in *Peace*,

Then,

Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere. Quidni?

Liber & Ingenuus —

Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ.

— *Si tamen olim,*

Scripseris, metil descendat Judicis aures,

Et patris & nostras; nonumque prematur in annua

Membranis intus positis delere licebit

Quod non edideris: —

Then, first, the Work to mighty B—ley shew
 He'll prove your truest Friend who's Milton's Foe; 615
 And if thro' haste, some Parts remain too bright,
 The next Edition he will cloud them quite.

(51) Orpheus, I've read, his harmonious Skill,
 Made Birds and Beasts obedient to his Will,
 Amphion greater yet, made Stones advance, 620
 And sturdy Oaks to mingle in the Dance;—
 But how much greater in our Age are those!
 Whose powerful Strains could charm the Belles and
 Beaux!

— Nescit vox missa reverti.

(52) Sylvestres Homines Sacer Interspresque Deorum
 Cædibus & victo sædu deterruit Orpheus,
 Dictus ob hoc denire Tigres rapidosque Leones.
 Dictus & Amphion Thebanæ conditor Arcis,

VER. 620. Who's Milton's Foe.] See the Edition of Milton's Paradise lost, put forth by this great Critick; in which he hath made so many marvellous Corrections, Alterations, Additions, and Amputations, that he may justly be said by this Surprising Performance to have rob'd Milton of all his Glory, and made his Poem quite another Thing. All this he achiev'd too, as he tells us in the Preface, by Sagacity and happy Conjecture.

Tis likewise said, that in our Father's Days;
 By Sense, and Vertue Poets aim'd at Praise;
 And in their Country's Service tun'd their Lays.
 Taught Men from Fraud, and Rapine to abstain,
 And Publick Good prefer, to private Gain:
 Shew'd 'em what Reverence to the Gods was due,
 And what rich Fruits from *Social Vertues* grew:
 By nuptial Ties loose Libertines restrain'd,
 Taught mutual Commerce, and wise Laws ordain'd;
 Whilst others sung in animating Strains,
 The martial Hosts embattel'd on the Plains;
 Or useful Secrets labour'd to explore,
 Which lay conceal'd in Nature's Womb before.

For

Saxa movere Sono testudinis, & præce blandâ
 Ducere quo vellet. Fuit hæc sapientia quondam
 Publica privatis secernere, Sacra profanis;
 Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis;
 Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.

——— Post hos insignis Homertus,
 Tyrtæusque, mares animos in martia Bella,
 Versibus exacuit: dictæ per carmina Sortes;
 Et Vitæ monstrata via est; & gratia regum

For such dull Stuff they justly are despis'd,
 We knowing *Moderns* scorn to be advis'd.
 To our Applause, He only can pretend
 Who's Sworn, to *Dulness* and her *Friends*, a Friend;
 Who by no Laws Divine, or Human aw'd, 641
 Rails at his *Prince*, and redicules his *Gbd*;
 To Vice and Folly splendid Temples rears,
 And for our Entertainment, risks his *Ears*.
 (52) Some question whether this successful Vein,
 Be Nature's Gift, or the Reward of Pain, 646
 Believe me Brethern neither is requir'd,
 Nor taught by *Study*, nor by *Genius* fir'd,
 By *Whim* alone, or *Penury* inspir'd.

He

Pieriis tentata modis: Ludusque repertus,
 Et longorum operum finis; ne forte pudori
 Sit tibi Musa lyrae solers & cantor Apollo.
 Sic honor & nomen divinis Vatribus atque
 Carminibus venit. —————

(52) Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
 Quæsitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite Venâ,
 Nec rude quid profit video ingenium —————

He then that would the wish'd-for Prize obtain,
 Need never dim his Eyes, or rack his Brain,
 Nor toil by Day, nor meditate by Night, 660
 But take for *Power*, the *Willingness* to write,
 And ever thoughtless, indolent, and gay,
 With *Wine*, and *Women* revel Life away.
 Let *Pipers* learn their Fingers to command,
 And *Fidlers* drudge seven Years to make a Hand, 665
 You care for nothing but a warm *Third-night*;
 Then, Hunger take the *Hindmost*! cry, and write.
 'Tis done! the *Motley* Scenes at once appear,
 Drawn from *Corneile*, *Racine*, and *Moliere*;
 Now *Theirs* no longer — all their Sense and Skill 670
 Quite lost in your *Annihilating* Quill.

I

(53) But

Quist udet optatam cursu contingere metam,
 Multa tulit fecitque puer; sudavit & alsit,
 Abstiniuit Venere & Vino. Qui Pythia cantat
 Tibicen, didicit prius extimuitque magistrum.
 Nunc satis est dixisse, ego mira Poemata pango:
 Occupet extremum scabies: mihi turpe relinqui est
 Et quod non didici, sanè nescire fateri

(53) But then 'tis requisite you some should hire,
 On the first Night, your Labours to admire;
 Some that will stamp, and rave at ev'ry Line,
 And cry 'tis charming! exquisite! divine! 675
 Applaud when *Chair*, or *Couch*, is well brought in
 And clap the very *drawing* of the *Scene*.
 Old *Dennis*, next, with a good Supper treat,
 He'll like your *Poem* as he likes your *Meat*;

For

(53) Ut præco ad merces Turbam qui coget emendas,
 Assentatores Jubet ad lucrum ire Poeta.
 Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui,
 Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum
 Lætitiæ. Clamabit enim, pulchre, benè, rectè.
 Pallefcet super his: etiam stillabit amicis
 Ex oculis rorem: saliet, tundet pede Terram.
 Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,
 Et torquere mero quem perspexisse laborent,
 An sit amicitia dignus——

VER, 676. Applaud when *Chair*, or *Couch*.] When the Tragedy of Timoleon was represented for the first Time, the Author's Friends were so very Zealous in doing it Justice, that not a Scene was drawn without a Clap, the very Candle-Snuffers receiv'd their share of Approbation, and a Couch made its Entrance with universal Applause. It is remarkable that in another new Tragedy, which was brought on the Stage soon after, the very same Couch met with a Severe Repulse, tho' it acted its Part altogether as well. From hence appears the great Usefulness and Necessity of the foregoing Rule.

For give that growling *Cerb'rus* but a *Sop*, 680

He'll close his Jaws, and sleep like any Top.

(54) But well beware you never trust to those,

Who under Friendship's Mask are real Foes;

Nor let a *Pope* or *Trapp* your Works peruse,

They'd only *overlay* your *infant* Muse, 685

And sway'd by Envy, Ignorance, or Spite,

Find Fault with every thing that you recite.

They ne'er would pardon an *unmeaning* Line,

But *Rhime* to *Reason*, slavishly confine:

" Enliven this (*they'd cry*) and Polish that, 690

" The *Diſtion's* here too rugged, there too flat,

I 2

" That

(54) Nunquam te fallant animi sub Vulpe latentes.

Quintilio si quid recitares, corrige, sodes

Hoc, aiebat, & hoc. Melius te posse negares

Bis terque expertum frustra; delere Jubebat,

Et male tornatos incudi reddere Versus.

Culpabit duros: incomptis allinet atrum

" That *Thought's* too mean, and here you're too

" obscure,

" This *Line's* ill-turn'd, and — strike out those

" be sure.

Thus, while they *cancel* what they *call* amiss,

There scarce remains a *Line* of all the *Piece*. 695

(55) As therefore, you'd avoid a clam'rous *Dun*,

Scour from a *Catchpole*, or the *Pill'ry* shun,

So fly such *Criticks*, trust your self alone,

Nor to *their* Humour, sacrifice your own:

No — rather seek some *Sycophant* at court, 700

Some rich, young, lack-wit *Lord* for your support:

Submit your Works to his *right-honour'd* Note,

He'll *Judge*, with the *same Spirit* that you wrote:

(56) And

Transverso calamo Signum ———

————— Hæ nugæ seria ducent

In mala ———

(55) Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,
Vesani titigisse timent, fugiuntque Poetam,
Qui sapiunt ———

(56) And when a *Dupe*, that *freely bleeds*, you nick;
Be sure you fasten, and be sure you stick;
Be-rime, Be-prose him, *Dedicate*, and *Lie*,
And never leave him, till you've suck'd him dry. 707

56(Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo;
Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, Hirudo.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

Page 5. Instead of *Stumen*, read *Flumen*.

VER. 618. Instead of, *bis harmonious Skill*, read *by his harmonious Skill*.



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